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SEPTEMBER, 1949

The Liberalist

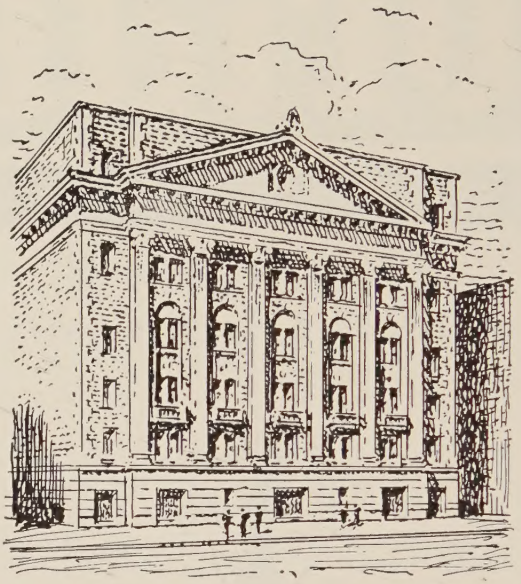
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

America for Me

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack;
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free—
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling sea,
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

(From "America For Me" by Henry van Dyke)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXVI **September, 1949** *Number 6*

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

BECAUSE I am desirous for our readers to know what happened at the Congress on Religion which I attended in Amsterdam, Holland, I am going to begin in this issue giving you the highlights of the conference.

The legal name of the Congress is The International Association for Liberal Christianity and Religious Freedom, a somewhat long and involved title, but which is descriptive of the character of the organization. I had attended other meetings of the Association in previous years at Prague in Czechoslovakia, and at Oxford in England. This is the first Congress to be held since the war.

I cannot express too deeply the obligation which we all owe to the Dutch, who maintained the organization and kept it alive during the difficult years of the war. Without this interim service the Congress could never have continued.

For a week, from July 19th to July 25th, men and women belonging to liberal churches from many parts of the world met together, Unitarians and Universalists from England and America, along with liberal Christians belonging to Protestant churches of Belgium, France, Switzerland, Denmark, Holland, Iceland and Germany.

The most valuable result for me of the Congress was the opportunity which I had of meeting with men and women from many parts of the world who are doing work similar to mine. We met together for fellowship, study, discussion, prayer and devotion. And as Dr. Arthur Peacock wrote in "The Inquirer," it was a rich and constructive experience for us all. No one could participate without learning much about churches of other lands, their particular problems and their achievements.

It is easy to get the impression, as Dr. Peacock said, that the set-up of religious life in one's own country fits into a pattern with that of other nations. Discussions such as have taken place in Amsterdam serve as a helpful corrective. If they have enabled us to appreciate the common ground on which we stand, they have also helped to shed some light on varied aspects of emphasis characteristic of the different churches forming the groups of the

Congress.

I would have my readers realize that while in America and Great Britain there are definite liberal churches, such as the Unitarian and Universalist churches, on the Continent the liberal witness is upheld most often, not in distinct liberal churches, but by liberal Christian men and women forming groups within the traditional churches. This means, as some of the Congress discussions have revealed, that the liberal message on the Continent tends to be somewhat more Christocentric than in Great Britain and America. In many ways the views of the Continental groups are similar to that of the Modern Churchmen's Union in Great Britain.

In the talks and questions concerning world religion which took place it was interesting to observe that while there was a readiness to learn from the religions of the East and a sincere desire to understand them better, there was deeply rooted in the minds of many that the Christian faith contains the final revelation of God.

There was a certain measure of caution in boldly affirming belief in "the authority of truth known and to be known."

The influence of wartime experiences upon the outlook of many Continental Liberal Christians was also most noticeable. Within the traditional churches in which their respective Liberal Christian groups operate they have to face up to the growing challenge of Barthian theology. This results in their being rather more concerned than we are with theological matters such as the problems of evil and the nature of man.

Again in discussing the problems of religious education the Continental groups do not use the approach characteristic of the American and English Unitarian and Universalist churches. They still cling to the notion that religious education must be essentially related to Biblical study and are critical of the new psychological and functional approach in this important field.

Concern regarding the growing influence of Roman Catholicism upon both political and educational institutions was revealed particularly by spokesmen from United States and the Scandinavian countries.

The discussions in the social service section revealed a much closer unity of opinion and it was particularly interesting to observe the growing recognition among American and Dutch speakers of the urgent need for realizing more fully the ethical implications of a free religious faith.

Lively discussions, persistent questioning and keen interest have been shown at each of the sessions. The largely attended public meetings were an inspiration serving to remind us all that though we may be a small company of the faithful who meet in our home churches each Sunday, we are part of a world-wide fellowship of seekers who are striving to present to a tired and weary world a religious faith that does make sense in terms of daily living.

The President's Address

"Our Liberal faith must be as broad as the political faith that draws men together in institutions such as the United Nations." So said Dr. Lathrop, the American President of the International Association for Liberal Christianity and Religious Freedom in his opening remarks at the Thirteenth Congress in University Hall, Amsterdam.

It was twelve years since the Congress had held a meeting, and what years they had been! As I have said, it was a tribute to the loyalty and

devotion of the Dutch members that the organization had been preserved through all the turmoil of the war years.

During these twelve years mankind had suffered not only physically but spiritually. They were met now to ask, "What has happened to our thought during all these years? How stands our religious faith? What is the challenge it presents at this time?"

Dr. Lathrop recalled the formation of the Association forty-nine years ago and the objects it then declared. The founders were men of deep faith and their optimism led them to affirm their belief in human progress.

Their founders had affirmed their belief in the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, the Leadership of Jesus, the Salvation by Character, the Progress of Mankind. What now?

There were millions who could no longer believe in the Fatherhood of God. All their experience made them feel there was no heart, no will to righteousness. As for the Brotherhood of Man, during the previous twelve years men had revealed deep hatred in their hearts. There had been cruelty and oppression such as had not been seen in history.

"If you went to youth," asked Dr. Lathrop, "and asked who is your leader in life, I do not believe the majority would mention Jesus Christ."

Coming to the question of "Salvation by Character," they had all witnessed training in character but not training as they had envisaged, while all the difficulties of these twelve terrible years made it almost impossible for many to believe still in progress.

There were three alternatives. Men could retire into mysticism. They could take the regressive step of trying to bring back the old religion. They could press on as we must press on if we hope to emerge from this age of crisis.

"Within this assembly," he added, "I feel none of us intend to find a way of escape, none of us believe new life can be brought to old bones."

It was the task of Liberal Christians to affirm in this stricken world that human life can only go forward if men believe in the will to righteousness: to declare the way of Jesus is the only way if the human race is to survive.

The Liberal voice must give new power to the ethics of Jesus.

"As for human progress," concluded the President, "the only real progress is the progress of the spirit."

"Is there a zeal for understanding?" he asked.

"Can we look our enemy in the face and say we will go two miles with him?"

"Is there such progress as this?"

The challenge of the Liberal faith is in the progress of man, upward, and onward.

Prof. Van Holk, of Holland, added to Dr. Lathrop's speech. He recalled declarations of faith made by the I.A.R.F. and urged there was great need to uphold the sovereignty of moral conscience.

"The kingdom of God lies before us and not behind," declared the Professor.

"Let us live in that spirit of adventure that declares there is no formula that can tell us to what heights man can reach.

"Let us make our spiritual life a great spiritual adventure."

Finally, Dr. Lathrop reminded us that we were all united in the communion of prayer. "Let us say together," he said, "The Lord's Prayer, each man in his own language."

And so, with this deeply moving and reverent experience, the opening session came to an end.

("Along the Way" will be continued in the October number.)

"WHAT KEEPS RELIGION GOING?"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY,
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago
March 13, 1949

IN ONE of his very stimulating and very impressive essays, Thomas Carlyle makes this well known statement: "The chief fact about any person is his, or her, religion."

The world's oldest, and in many respects its greatest drama, was the drama of Job. Nobody knows who wrote it, the authorship is buried in the mists of antiquity, but the drama itself is eternal. It has all of the attributes of great drama, if we are to think of it from the point of view of merely the playwright. It has prologue, it has dialogue and it has epilogue. The many facets that branch out from the drama of Job are sufficiently universal to cover almost any challenge of human experience, but there is only one that I shall touch upon this morning as applicable to our question: "What keeps religion going?" and that is the dialogue which Job's friends have with him in which they attempt to analyse the disaster that has come upon him. In the Doctor Goodspeed translation, which I give you, because of its fidelity in presenting historical significance against the background of modern understanding, Eliphaz, one of Job's friends, says to Job, "You are destroying religion."

Now the thing that caused Job's friends, I think, to accuse him of destroying religion, was the real interpretation which Job was giving, when contrasted with the usually accepted theology of the period and the era in which they lived. And because Job could not accept the traditional interpretation that was involved in Job's relationship with God, his friends turned upon him and said, "You are destroying religion."

That is not unique of this particular episode or of this particular hour in human history. It began when the world was much younger than now, and has projected itself straight through the centuries. Whenever a courageous or independent-minded interpreter of religious truths has made a contribution to the expansion of that truth so that the contribution is out of the mold and the pattern which has usually been accepted, he is accused of destroying religion. The great minds of the past, the ever increasing and widening areas of human knowledge, the advent of science, the presence of invention and the unfoldment of discovery, have all been accused of destroying religion. The microscope was considered an enemy of God. The telescope was accepted as a barrier to an interpretation of the creation. The coming of science in its understanding and appreciation of the constituent material of the cosmos was considered to be so antagonistic to the imaginative and mythological concept of those who attempted to explain creation that if one accepted the verdict of the enlarged area of the mind and the offering of science, one was accused of destroying religion, until the challenge of religion to persist straight through any readjustment of any new illumination of truth constituted the important factor for its perpetuity. But only a certain attitude toward religion is destroyed, never religion.

RELIGION IS INDESTRUCTIBLE, whether the approach is in the

realm of the mind, or in the unregulated dissipation of the spirit, one deifying rationalism and expecting an answer to the continuing enigma of the cosmos in terms of rationalization so the human mind can formulate a concept of reality that eliminates any aspect of the extraneous power of the supernatural, and the other in the realm of the emotional reaction in which mysticism, not verified by reason, but conditioned by sensitivity becomes the avenue for the experience of God. No matter what the attack or what the approach, there is a continuing reality in the human hunger of mankind that cannot, and will not, tolerate an interpretation of the cosmos on the basis of an accidental formula or on the assumption that it is all a hodgepodge cosmos.

Therefore, what does keep religion going? What is this continuing imperative that always somewhere in the human spirit reaches out for affirmation? Man cannot possibly tolerate the inevitable agony that he is a victim of some blind, revengeful force, coming into a world without being consulted, leaving a world without being consulted, coming into it and going out of it without the manifestation of any volition of his own.

I would be the first to admit the crudities of man's early quest for religion, induced by the two factors of superstition and fear. Let us admit at once that the unknown, not necessarily the unknowable, but that the unknown cosmos preyed against his intelligence, and preyed upon his spirit in such a challenge that he felt he was a part of the larger operative cosmos, and that he, himself, could possibly be considered quite a challenge, too. That unknown was there and he sought to get that cosmos on his side, and after the centuries he made articulate, in a wide variety of things, attributes that stood for this and that, and they became gods and goddesses in compensation for his own insatiable spiritual hunger, and so the mountains of Greece and the mountains of Rome, and the flats of Egypt were populated by gods and goddesses and deities, and every one of them was merely the manifestation of man's ceaseless quest, his deep, unsatisfied hunger, something gnawing at his soul, when he realized that he was in a cosmos where lightning would kill him, where his friends and loved ones disintegrated before him and became still and lifeless, where he was a victim of some inexplicable mystery called "death," and he wondered what was out beyond the portals of that estate in which the body was there, the heart and the brain were there, but life was not there; the thing that gave the body animation and vitality was not there.

Man, in the crudeness of his own intellectual era, saw the manifestations of all this and he said, "Surely there must be an answer." Then down thru the centuries from the tops of the mountains there thundered for the first time in man's pilgrimage the concept that there was *ONE GOD,* instead of all these gods and goddesses and deities that he had tried to appease by sacrificial offerings, by the giving of his first born, and man finally came to the most overwhelming concept that ever entered the mind of man. There has never been one like it: there probably never will be—that concept of monotheism, the concept finally that there was *a GOD;* that we were in a universe of law and order and symmetry and not chaos and confusion, and back of law and order and symmetry there must be a coordinating power, and that power extended the radius of its influence not only to the physical, materialistic universe, but to the heart and soul of man; that while there was gravitation and electronic energy and

all the other manifestations of the intricate powerful quality of this cosmos, still the apex of it and the climax of it was not the energy, was not the cosmos itself, it was not the mechanistic or materialistic evolution of the world, but the climax was the mind of man, the only thing in it that thought, the only thing in it with reason. This great product of this whole process could not but help man to clean up the debris of the old centuries of superstition and fear when God was an anthropomorphic concept with a spear and a sword, and when that God had to be appeased, and when it cried, "I am a jealous and an angry God! I hate and despise your sacrifices and your offerings! I demand something more; I demand your Innocent!" And there was born the idea which finally crystallized in the Innocent One of Golgotha.

Straight down thru the centuries religions have come and religions have gone, but *RELIGION REMAINS!* There is a growing refusal on the part of man to be tyrannized by superstition and fear. The agony of ecclesiastism in so many quarters in the sphere of religion is an agony based upon fear that finally something is going to happen to the institution of religion, the organization of religion. Something *is* going to happen to that kind of religion, have no doubt about that—but the continuing quest of the soul of man to find complete harmony with the Heart of God—nothing is ever going to happen to that! Science will only intensify and not destroy that! All knowledge will increase the concept and not destroy that.

There are two or three things which I must mention hastily which I think account for the continuing expression of the religious imperative in human experience. The first is the universe itself. There is no explanation of this cosmos except in terms of purposeful objective. Otherwise it would all be meaningless, it would be a colossal joke, and if it is a colossal joke, whoever or whatever is responsible for it is entitled to the complete antagonism and condemnation of every intelligent person. If this universe does not make sense, then whoever or whatever produced it would be worthy of our deepest contempt. I happen to accept the interpretation that it has purpose, that it has directive and objective, and because it has I read intelligence into its origin and I cannot read intelligence into its origin without predicating the fact of God. Therefore, I do not believe less than the orthodox or the highly institutionalized religious bodies of the world, I believe more. My faith is not less, my faith is more.

And, secondly, in the terms of certain operative laws that are existent in the world, if you leave out the explanation of purpose you make us all jibbering idiots and the universe an insane asylum. There are those who feel that you must go to the Bible to prove God. I have never felt that to be true. I believe that God could be demonstrated in the universe if not a word of the Bible had ever been written! I believe it is possible for one to have definite proof and authority of the fundamental reality of spiritual experience if there had not been a word written called the Bible! When people resort to the quoting of the scriptures and to the infallibility of a Book as the basis for their faith and confidence they are only utilizing a small fraction of the available opportunity for proving the existence of God. A very small fraction it is too. There is more proof in a calla lily (my mother's favorite flower) of the existence of a rational universe with a definite purpose than there is in any theological doctrine advanced by any theologians of the Church. More

(*Continued on page* 12)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

THE date is the twenty-second day of March, 1832. An old man, eighty-two years of age, sits in a chair wrapped in a blanket, the shades are drawn in his room, for he is very ill and for several weeks has had only intermittent flashes of consciousness. On this particular day this old man, at eighty-two, had finished what lives in literature as one of the enduring products of human creativeness, the great story of "Faust." He started it a comparatively young man. The experiences and vicissitudes of his life were such that the work upon this masterpiece was often interrupted, but at the age of eighty-two he put the finishing touches to a masterpiece. He had a flash, a momentary flash, of consciousness and he said to his attendant in the room, "What day is it?" He replied, "It is the twenty-second day of March, 1832." The old man said, "Spring! it is Spring, and I shall be better, *RAISE UP THE BLINDS AND LET IN THE LIGHT!*"

In a few moments the soul of Goethe had winged its way to the eternal heights of the immortal. And now, two hundred years after his birth, 1749, every human mind that has been emancipated from the tyranny of littleness, every human mind in the entire civilized world that has eliminated prejudice and hate, every human mind which recognizes the eternal quality of truth, every human mind of every person of whatever color, philosophy, or ideology, of whatever loyalty, *EVERY FIRST RATE MIND ON THIS EARTH IS ATTEMPTING TO HONOR THE MEMORY OF THIS GREAT POET.*

I wonder why? Why do men live by their work? What is this enduring quality that neither time nor circumstance can possibly mutilate or eradicate? Men are eternal only because they have a conception of, and a loyalty to, eternal values. Men love, live and plow their personalities into the future because they are *UNIVERSAL AND ETERNAL MEN.* That's the reason! Because there is no conspiracy of materialism that can possibly destroy them, they live.

I suppose not too many people are

familiar with the work of Goethe. He has never been popular in the usually accepted sense of popularity, but somehow or other history seems to affirm that it is always the truly aristocratic soul who preserves for all the others the essential qualities of life. I hope that I will not be misunderstood when I use the word "aristocrat." Obviously I am not speaking with any consideration for the usually accepted interpretation of aristocracy. I mean neither the accident of birth, for that confers no distinction; I mean neither the accumulation of great wealth, for that can be done without a soul; I do not mean an artificially created superiority, which sometimes is felt by little people when they may be placed, often quickly and suddenly, into a position of influence or social status. I am thinking of "aristocracy" in terms of excellence. I am thinking of the true aristocrat as the aristocrat who is never satisfied with anything less than the best. *I am speaking of that fine quality of mind and heart and soul which is superbly integrated and with such a profound conception of eternal values that amidst all the noise and the confusion and the clatter of the temporary and the material, that mind can remain poised and impervious to the transitory!* That is the true aristocrat, that is the aristocracy which in every crisis of democracy has preserved it. Therefore, democracy depends for its preservation upon the imperative of the excellent. Anything else cheapens and degrades.

No one is able to read in one single line or sentence of Goethe's, in his masterpiece, and the world masterpiece of "Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister" and any of his plays, any of his poems, not one single utterance that he was deluded with the idea which swept the great German people into an ignominy from which it will take centuries to recover, based upon the falsity of the doctrine of the racial or Nordic superiority —not one single sentence of Goethe's implied that the German, as a German, occupied a distinctive place in the life of mankind, and that place was one of superior heights! Goethe was above that falsehood.

The first basic and underlying principle, and Doctor Schweitzer is my authority for this, in what Goethe tried to do and stood for, was in his conception of the nobility of the human personality; that there was something attractively eternal in the human personality; that each individual is a part of the cosmos, and that individual happiness depends upon the ability of the individual to make harmonic relations with Nature and with experience. Goethe's fundamental philosophy was in this particular aspect, that no experience which an individual can have is fatal to that individual; that the secret of living is the discovery of how to utilize experience to the advantage of the individual. Therefore, the secret of successful living is the ability to utilize experience instead of accepting an experience as fatal or fateful. *"UTILIZE IT,"* says Goethe.

The second thing was, and is, with Goethe, the part that woman plays in life. It was Goethe's recognition that womankind had a very high and important part in the development of mankind.

And the final thing which is so significant to every creative personality, is that somehow in the nature of things people who are creative can never endure an appreciation of their own achievement in loneliness, there must be some compensation in the heart of someone they love, and every great creative universal spirit the world has ever had, from Jesus to Emerson, has felt the influence of womankind. It was a woman who was the last at the cross; it was a woman who

was the first at the tomb, and in the life of Goethe we find that fundamental revelation that the turmoil and the experiences and philosophy of his life could only be endured with the heart of a woman. That raises the whole level of love onto heights sublime. Of such is the poet created! And the feeling which Doctor Schweitzer intimates so beautifully is the struggle of Goethe to make the world see that if our dependence is upon material things, we are doomed, and that is true with the soul of a poet. He recognizes that practicality of life; he recognizes some things that have to be done: food, clothing, housing. These things are important, they are necessary, but *THEY ARE NOT SUFFICIENT!* It is not enough to be a success from the standards of society. There is the cry of the soul, there is the voice of Nature which is the voice of God, there is the sublimation!

Goethe belonged to no boundaried school of set philosophy; he was not circumscribed by Stoicism, or Epicurianism, or Neoplatonism, or any of the other limitations which the mind of man has created. He ascends to the heights, independent, expansive, gracious. He lives because he cannot die; he is eternal because his soul is of God!

When the names of Hitler and Mussolini, and all the other tyrants of the world, the little men, the little minds, when these names are but sentences in the history books of tomorrow, remembered only for the tears they have caused to flow and the hearts they have broken, Goethe will be a cry out of the heart of the Infinite: *"RAISE THE BLINDS,"* he said. *"MORE LIGHT, MORE LOVE, MORE TRUTH, MORE BEAUTY!" HE SHALL BE REMEMBERED FOR THAT, AND THEN PERHAPS MANKIND WILL LEARN TO STEER ITS SHIP OF LIFE BY THE STARS AND NOT BY THE LIGHTS OF OTHER SHIPS SAILING THE TROUBLED SEA!*

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Dr. Preston Bradley has been the pastor from the beginning of the church in 1912.

Sunday Morning Services.....11:00
Broadcast by WJJD
from 11 to 12:30

Sunday Evening Service.....7:30
Not broadcast. Evening services open for 1949-50 season November 6th.

Sunday School.....9:30 a.m.
Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Supt.
Sunday School opens for 1949-50 season September 18th.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures open for 1949-50 season
Wednesday, November 2nd....8:00

HEAR DR. BRADLEY
SEPTEMBER 18TH

Opening Sunday for the 1949-50 Season .....September 18th

Dr. Bradley's September Subjects
September 18—Impressions of Great Britain and Ireland
September 25—Impressions of Religion in Europe

Sunday Morning Service.....11:00

* * *

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

On September 18th Dr. Bradley returns to the air over station WJJD every Sunday at 11 a.m.

On September 19th Dr. Bradley returns to WGN nightly Monday through Friday.

* * *

DR. BRADLEY'S EUROPEAN TRIP

The second article under the heading "Along the Way" in which Dr. Bradley tells his impressions of Europe appears in this number. The closing article will be in the October number of The Liberalist.

* * *

WOMAN'S CLUB NOTES

Mrs. Ethel Wilbur and Mrs. Walter Flandorf engaged tables for the luncheon on Monday, July 11th, at the Stevens Hotel, given by the Conference of Club Presidents and Program Chairmen in honor of Dr. Albert Schweitzer. Gov. Adlai Stevenson, Mayor Martin H. Kennelly and many other notables in humanitarian, philosophical and musical fields were present to assist Mrs. Charles S. Clark in presenting Dr. Schweitzer a check for his hospital in Africa and an award for Outstanding Service to Humanity.

Other members of the Woman's Club who participated in this never-to-be-forgotten occasion included Mrs. A. S. Kredler, Mrs. Charles Roberts, Mrs. Wyllys W. Hagen, Miss Johanna Baume, Mrs. Henry Merrill and Mrs. Thornton Smith. Mrs. Flandorf's guests were ministers and ministers of music from Zion and Salem Lutheran Church, Chicago.

* * *

Mrs. Carl Swanson, the newly appointed Ways and Means Chairman of the club, and her committee got off to an early start with a party in Anderson Hall on Monday afternoon, August 8th. There was a style show under the sponsorship of a neighborhood dress shop, and a fur style show under the auspices of E. A. Jensen, with members of the Woman's Club acting as models in both events. Though the day was one of excessive heat, Anderson Hall was cool and comfortable. There was an unusually large attendance, the party was a huge success and netted substantial returns to the club's treasury.

* * *

The dates for the 1949 Bazaar have been set for November 17 and 18. All committee heads have been appointed and work is well under way for all the various booths.

* * *

Mrs. Glen Thomson, program chairman, announces completion of her plans for the coming year. A vocal "Duo Extraordinaire," combining the talents of Audrey Paull, contralto, prize winner of the Chicago Music Festival two years ago and who is singing this summer in the Grant Park concerts, and Ralph Nielson, radio "tenor of the hour," will share the program with Dr. Bradley at the opening luncheon in the Edgewater Beach Hotel, Monday, September 26th.

Another highlight of the programs will be a speech on October 24th by the much-spoken-of Illinois statesman, Honorable Everett M. Dirkson, who was keynote speaker for the convention of the Illinois Federation of Woman's Clubs.

* * *

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Programs which have been definitely set for the Business Woman's Club for September are as follows:

Opening night, October 11th, is Dr. Preston Bradley night at the club, and the meeting will be open to men and women—regardless of whether they are club members or husbands of club members or friends of club members. The meeting will be open to the general public. Dr. Bradley is to speak on "My

Impressions of European Women."

The club meets on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month, and at this second meeting on October 25th, which will be a more informal meeting, after a short business meeting the evening will be devoted to some fun with "Word Whiskers." If you would like a little practice in eliminating these whiskers, don't miss this meeting. If you want to observe how others get rid of them, you will find it loads of fun. Refreshments are always served at the meetings.

CHOIR NOTES

About twenty choir members and friends—sometimes a few more, sometimes one or two less—have been meeting in Anderson Hall every Friday night during the summer. The first half-hour is devoted to sight-singing and discussion of musical theory, then everyone sings lustily old and new songs. Meantime coffee has been a-brewing in the kitchen, and some cake has found its way to the table, so that after the singing everyone can continue the discussions over refreshments.

* * *

On Sunday, August 7th, the choir went by car and bus to Ethel Reid Lundberg's summer home, on Road 12 near Sawyer, Michigan, about 75 miles from Chicago for a summer outing.

On Sunday, August 21, the annual choir picnic was held in Caldwell Woods, Devon Avenue at Milwaukee, in Chicago.

* * *

Regular rehearsals for next winter's season will start on Friday, September 9th. Mr. Flandorf announces that the same quartet has been re-engaged for next season, and that work on a Fall concert will start immediately at the first rehearsal. He has in mind some very unusual compositions for this concert.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

A Letter from Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Church School Superintendent.

Dear friends:

Our Church School is trying to ignite a light of Liberal Christian Principles in the mind of each child, that will serve as a guide to good living, true living, and beautiful living, for the rest of his or her life. To do this we must have the Attendance, the Application, and the Attention of each child.

You and you alone are the basis of success in this enterprise. Whatever success there has been in the past, or there will be in the future, is the result of your work and cooperation. Here are some of our plans for this fall and again their success depends on you.

Regular Attendance:

Encourage the Children to attend regularly—It's a good habit to get into —Come with them and see for yourself what kind of a Church School we have.

Children's Choir:

Twelve Children must enroll, and promise to attend practice each Friday at 3:30 p.m. before we can have a successful Children's Choir. It's so important—Our School should have a fine Choir—There is so much talent—Encourage the Children to enroll.

Annual Family Dinner—Friday, October 14th—6:30 p.m.

Attend—Get your reservations in early—Help with the Dinner or Decorations—Encourage the Children to take part.

Hallowe'en Party—Monday, October 31st—7:30 p.m.

The Channing Club is in charge of this Party—Encourage the Children to attend—Good clean fun for all.

Annual Bazaar—November 17th and 18th:

Attend—Give your donations to the Sunday School Booth now—Our chairman this year is Mrs. Loretta Krauvice, 922 W. Leland Ave., SU 4-9278—Can you give her a hand?—Solicit Donations?—Work in the Sunday School Booth at the Bazaar?

You can see—Your cooperation and help will be needed. By the way, we are having a Church School Directors' meeting in Anderson Hall—Wednesday evening, August 17th, at 7:30. Perhaps you are interested in one or more of the activities planned—If so join us in our discussions. Just so we will know you are coming, pick up your phone right now and call AV 3-2955—Tell me you will be there.

It's been a long, long time and I am looking forward to seeing you at our first Church School Service—Sunday, September 18th, at 9:30 a.m.

Kindest Personal Regards,

Bob Crosswhite

"WHAT KEEPS RELIGION GOING?"

(*Continued from page* 6)

proof in order, rectitude, beauty and spirit. That lily is as great a lily and as powerful a miracle as any recorded in the Book. There is not a man or woman, nor a scientist who can explain it. In one plant there are a half a dozen miracles; right in the lily.

And the final thing to me, in the affirmation of the continuing presence of religion and the restlessness of the quest of the spirit of man, is to be found in the personality itself.

Dr. Einstein may explain the theory of relativity. Who is there left to explain Dr. Einstein? Galileo and Copernicus, Bruno, can explain geometry with Euclid; they can explain astronomy and chemistry. Who is there to explain Galileo and Euclid? Theologians and doctrinaires can quarrel over creeds, and can be confused about the personality and origin of Christ, but when you are all through with your confusion, your arguments and your theology, *THERE HE STANDS, INCARNATE GOD!* Explain personality. *RELIGION WILL NEVER DIE!* Churches may come and go; empires rise and fall; cultures and civilizations expire; but the heart of restless man looks out, grows up, looks up into the Heart of the Infinite and picks up in his hands a little flower and says:

"I hold you there, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

And the poet Tennyson sings:

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

What keeps religion going? Your hungry soul and mine keep it going and the mere fact that we have hunger is proof to me that there is bread. *"I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE."*

SOME OF LIFE'S HINDRANCES

I AM going to talk over with you some of the factors which prove to be mighty hindrances to fine and triumphant living. In the first place of all, some people have developed an unhappy attitude toward life merely because they are in a rut. They have instituted a certain routine which has gained so strong a hold on them that it has affected their mental machinery. Anything foreign to that routine is regarded with suspicion. A man came to me not long ago with gloom written all over him, obviously the victim of such a narrow routine. I told him he had lost his sense of proportion; that he needed to enlarge his outlook and adopt some new interests. He looked not only startled, but horrified. I told him the best way to start was to change his whole appearance, completely. The clothes he was wearing were as drab as his life. He said he had never worn a certain type of hat and he had never worn a colored shirt in his life. I said to him: "Go out and buy a new style hat and a blue shirt, or some other colored shirt; just get away from the white shirts you have worn all your life. And stop wearing this kind of suit. Get yourself a bright necktie and a plaid suit!" He looked at me as though he thought I had lost my mind. But a month later I met him, and he was wearing a colored shirt, a gay tie—and a plaid suit! And the gloom was gone! He even looked a little radiant for him!

Now it was not a personal fondness for vivid clothes that had prompted my suggestion—just a desire to help a man out of his rut. He was actually laughing at the drab monotony of his old outlook. The new clothes had been a concrete illustration to him that he could change his habits without harm; and they opened the way to a new relish in life. He had experienced an emotional shock, which, while unimportant in itself, showed him that he could begin the discovery of a different technique for the making of a more expressive personality—a little variety had come into the dull monotony of his daily routine.

A drastic change in conventional or hidebound habits may help to open for you a new vista toward mastering your life. If you have always done your hair one way, change the style. If you have always eaten roast beef on Sunday, ham on Tuesday and beans on Saturday, eat something different on these days. And if you are a housewife, and perhaps do your own washing, and always do it on Monday, don't miss a party or some special affair on a Monday just because you must stay at home and do the washing. Just do the washing on Tuesday for a change; and the change may startle you out of the dreary and stultifying rule of schedule. Adherence to routine may be necessary and beneficial to a certain extent, but never permit yourself to be so dogged by it that it rules your life completely and leaves you no place for the joy of the unexpected.

Think what a little surprise means in the life of the child. How the child's face will brighten with delight! Well, we older people are just children grown up, with a little experience added. We all like the novelty of surprise now and then. So if life doesn't give you enough surprises—just try to give yourself a few—give yourself a party, if need be. Or plan a party for someone else, and in surprising them you will find a lot of fun for yourself.

Of course there are other hindrances to a fine fruition of life. Sometimes we just don't want to pay the price; we

want a magic formula to adjust everything for us. We are mentally lazy. And sometimes we deceive ourselves about life. Self-deception is one of the greatest hindrances I know; not having things straight ourselves; not seeing life in terms of totality and wholeness; governed by our prejudices; inspired by our passions; going through life with a twisted sense of values; always thinking that somebody else is to blame; that society is in conspiracy; that some external force or influence is responsible for it all—self-deception; an immaturity of mind.

Now here are a few simple suggestions for gaining greater happiness and overcoming the things that hinder and prevent a right adjustment with life.

First, Know yourself thoroughly. Look at yourself squarely and see yourself as you are. You remember the poem, "Think of yourself as you, instead of I—and just stand aside and watch yourself go by." Clean up the rough spots in yourself and be your best self.

Second, Be yourself—your best self. Put yourself under the microscope before you do another thing, and then be your best self. Don't try to copy someone else. Be yourself and believe in yourself and you will find creeping into yourself a sense of poise, of peace and of mastery. You are you and nobody else.

Third, You must believe in yourself, for, remember, no one is ever a complete failure until he admits it himself —so don't ever admit it.

Fourth, After you have decided to believe in yourself, the next step is to believe in others. Respect them; have confidence in them; believe in them. You cannot be happy and at ease without having confidence both in yourself and in others.

So here are these four things; Know yourself, be yourself, believe in yourself and believe in others. This will start you off on the way to happiness, which is your right. All of the strong people—and I use the word strong on the basis of its finest connotation—the people who have developed an equipment to meet triumphantly every emergency and experience of life—have always been positive people; while the people in difficulty and trouble, evidencing cynicism and defeat and gloom are always people who have been harboring and coddling constantly the negative point of view. They are always attempting to justify their own condition or confusion by the mistakes of someone else; something is always to blame for their condition.

Anchor to a faith and a confidence in your fellow man. Believe in man and believe in yourself. And why do I advise this? Because I have tried it and it works. I believe that every individual has within himself an undefeatable something! Life was made, designed and created to be a victorious experience! I believe in the fundamental rectitude of the universe, of which I am a part. The great creative intelligence which is behind the entire objective of our modern world knew just what He was doing when He whispered your soul into reality. This universe is good, and the fine people who are cooperative and love you are vastly in the majority; but remember, you cannot be malicious, and talk about people behind their backs, be unkind, uncharitable, and lie, without hate sitting enthroned as an instrument of power and laughing at you.

Of course, when I speak of getting out of a rut and not clinging too closely to routine, I do not imply that one should not have a definite sense of direction in life. Having a goal in life and a definite sense of direction helps us to overcome the obstacles of life. But besides a sense of direction, it is

well to not take one's self too seriously. It smooths the path of life and makes the wheels run easier if you can laugh at yourself along the way. As long as you can see the incongruity in your own life and laugh at it, there is little danger of your losing true perspective or of getting bogged down in the marshes of self-concern.

Humor springs from the contrast between the littleness and the greatness of things; how to measure relative importance. And your sense of values depends on your ability to discern that there is something humorous in nearly every situation. A good laugh often will jar you out of a mental fog. You cannot accomplish a compassionate understanding of human frailties if your perspective is limited to one person or thing—whether that person be someone else or yourself. That is why I say, learn to laugh at yourself. Don't permit your work, your striving for material success, to overwhelm other interests or to become an obsession. But I do not mean to imply that you are not important, for you are. You are important in every area of your influence —to your home—to your work—to your nation. So from this moment reconstruct the energizing processes, physical, mental and spiritual, which will create a sense of adequacy and a sense of direction. Be willing to learn, keep a sense of direction, but don't get into a rut, and learn to laugh at yourself.

My friend, Rev. W. J. Griffith of the Hebron Welsh Church, sent me this fine poem which he calls "To This End I was Born":

"Unto this end I was born—
To do a good turn every day;
To pluck every thistle and thorn
And plant in their place on the way,
Flowers to greet the forlorn
And give them moments of rest;
Unto this end I was born;
God, grant I should do my best.

Unto this end I was born—
To do all the service I can,
To start anew every morn
With hopes and good wishes to man;
To greet with a friendly smile,
Those who are tired and sad;
Go with them the second mile,
And help when the going is bad."

BOOK CHATS

ON July 11th, Henry Holt and Company published Albert Schweitzer's autobiography, *Out of My Life and Thought* (with postscript 1932-1949 by Everett Skillings.) *Out of My Life and Thought* was first published in 1933, and though recognized at once as an inspiring autobiography, only recently has it begun to reach the wide popular audience it so richly deserves. The translation has been partially revised, the whole book completely redesigned and reset, and the postscript by Everett Skillings, a close friend of Dr. Schweitzer and chairman of the Albert Schweitzer Fellowship, has been added. This postscript brings Dr. Schweitzer's autobiography up to date.

Karl Reiland, Rector Emeritus of St. George's Church, New York, has said of Albert Schweitzer's autobiography: "You will not easily lay this book aside. You cannot read it without being fas-

cinated by the matter and becoming an admirer of the man . . . You will find Albert Schweitzer the university professor and lecturer; the musician, playing organ recitals in London and Paris and Berlin; the doctor among his patients in Strasbourg and Africa; the preacher and pastor; the author, writing epoch-making books on Jesus and Paul, on philosophy, on Johann Sebastian Bach and his music; the expert on organ construction; the authority on comparative religions. . . . Was there ever such a capable, versatile, ubiquitous, and altogether human and companionable giant among men? Yet how humble and with what a sense of humor!"

Here is the life story to date of a man who continued with all his other interests while laboring at a self-sacrificing task. He kept up his organ technique on a specially equipped piano; he wrote a series of deeply perceptive books; he gave lectures and recitals all over Europe to raise funds for his hospital. He was a truly omnipresent person, working in many fields simultaneously.

Paul Hutchinson in *The Christian Century* says of this book: "The simplicity of the writing reflects the simplicity of the man; the range of topics treated reflects the range of his mind; the record of events reflects his incredible vigor and his capacity to accomplish the seemingly impossible. . . . The closing epilogue deserves to stand by itself as one of the greatest expressions of a living faith that the modern ordeal has produced." And he adds, "Rarely does a man who writes an autobiography succeed in giving so much of himself as Schweitzer has here."

The New York Times has this to say: "It should be evident that *Out of My Life and Thought* is a book very far from ordinary. Musician, philosopher, theologian, doctor of medicine—any one of these careers suffices ordinarily for one man. To find them united in one man stamps that man, therefore, as a most unusual person whose psychology, more probably than what the man himself may have accomplished, presents a study of infinite vistas."

And John Haynes Holmes, in the *New York Herald Tribune* said: "His story has something of the aspect of a miracle, and his achievements a quality of almost epic worth."

The story of Dr. Schweitzer's life is written in the chapter headings: Childhood, School and University. Paris and Berlin, 1898-1899. The First Years of Activity in Strasbourg. Study of the Last Supper and the Life of Jesus, 1900-1902. Teaching Activities at the University. The Quest of the Historical Jesus. The Historical Jesus and the Christianity of Today. The Bach Book—French and German Editions. On Organs and Organ Building. I Resolve to Become a Jungle Doctor. My Medical Studies, 1905-1912. Preparations for Africa. Literary Work During My Medical Course. First Activities in Africa, 1913-1917. Garaison and St. Rémy. Back in Alsace. Physician and Preacher in Strasbourg. The Book of African Reminiscences. Gunsbach and Journeys Abroad. The Second Period in Africa, 1924-1927. Two years in Europe. A Third Period in Africa. Epilogue. Postscript, 1932-1949, by Everett Skillings.

When I first opened Dr. Schweitzer's Autobiography, my eyes fell on these words: "The only thing about the war (the late World War) which the natives understood at first was that it was all over with the timber trade, and that all commodities had become dearer. It was only later, when many of them were transported to Cameroon to serve as carriers for the active forces, that they began to understand what the war really meant.

"As soon at it became known that of the white men who used to live on the Ogowé ten had already fallen, an old savage remarked: 'What, so many men killed already in this war! Why don't their tribes meet to talk out the palaver? How can they ever pay for all these dead men?' For in native warfare those who fall, whether among the conquerors or the conquered, have to be paid for by the opposite side. This same savage expressed the criticism that Europeans kill each other merely out of cruelty, because of course they don't want to eat the dead.

"That white people were making prisoners of other whites and putting them under the authority of black soldiers was something incomprehensible to the natives. What a torrent of abuse my black guards came in for from the people of the neighboring villages because they thought they were 'the Doctor's masters.' "

From the postscript by Everett Skillings I give you this quotation which is from the diary of Dr. Emory Ross, of the Foreign Missions Conference, who is the secretary-treasurer of The Albert Schweitzer Fellowship in America, and his wife, who were at Lambaréné in August, 1946:

"This is one of the moments in life when I long for the pen of the most gifted muse to describe the experience that has been ours in visiting the famous mission hospital of the more famous Dr. Albert Schweitzer.

"We arrived after dark, about 7:30. In the blackness of the night our faithful African crew got us out of the launch. Across the sand we ploughed for what seemed a long way; up some rough stone steps, up and up, by our flashlights. Then into the black forest. But some lights began to flicker here and there, and suddenly we were outside windows. Inside we saw a long room, with a long table spread, and folks around it. There were three or four kerosene lamps along the length of the table.

"Just as we glimpsed this scene, they heard us and began getting up from the table. By the time we got around to the door Dr. Schweitzer was on the steps to greet us, and behind him Mrs. Schweitzer. Thus it was that we met this man whom we have always considered great, but whose true greatness was to grow and impress itself upon us in the few days we were privileged to spend in his presence, and in the presence of the work which he has hewn out of one of Africa's most jungled forests. . . .

"At 7:30 the bell rang for breakfast, and we came out into the strange world which darkness had covered, as we came into it the night before. And what a world! Those who know French and German houses and farmyards will get the picture. . . . Under the house and around it, is a veritable menagerie: chickens, geese, turkeys, cats, dogs, goats, antelope, birds, etc. A pelican is a faithful devotee and, although Mrs. Schweitzer insists on its going off to sleep, still it comes back daily to mingle with the congregation of birds and beasts which have gathered around Dr. Schweitzer. . . . He is truly another St. Francis of Assisi. . . . Nights, as he writes on his philosophy, a yellow and white cat which he saved as a kitten, curls up around his lamp. As he talked to us of Karl Barth and other philosophers, he would occasionally stroke the cat's head tenderly and speak to it or of it. His tenderness and great love of fun were a part of his character which I had not known. At mealtime he kept the whole table laughing at joke after joke which he told.

"The hospital is not exactly a New York hospital. Dr. Schweitzer believes in keeping things, as much as possible, on a level with the culture of the

people. Yet with all its crudeness it has a wonderful record both for quantity and quality of work. Africans and Europeans alike swear by it and flock to it for hundreds of miles around. . . . There are scores of Africans with all sorts of maladies. I went down among them with the Doctor one day. It was lovely to see his tenderness, his concern, his closeness to them in spirit."

Those among us who may have been at Aspen, Colorado this summer, when Dr. Schweitzer delivered the memorial address at the 200th Anniversary of the birth of Goethe, or who may have attended the luncheon here in Chicago given by the Conference of Club Presidents and Program Chairmen in his honor, when he was presented with a check for his hospital in Africa and an award for Outstanding Service to Humanity; or those of us who only read about it will certainly be grateful for this autobiography.

* * *

So very often parents come to me asking for advice in the problems they encounter with their youngsters. And now there has come to my study desk a book recently published by Abingdon-Cokesbury called *Talks to Youth.*

The book is edited by Gordon C. Speer, minister of the First Congregational Church, Ypsilanti, Michigan. In it Mr. Speer has selected talks which have been given to youth throughout the country. These talks are by prominent men who are educators, ministers, priests, rabbis and youth leaders. The book is one of those handy, small books, of 127 pages, and each talk is but a few pages in length.

One notable theme runs through *Talks to Youth.* That theme is *belief in youth.* I have always contended that the greatest help one human being can give to another is to believe in them. And here in this book we have 18 talks by people who believe in youth. I think parents and youths both should read this book. As one reads the various chapter headings, it is clear that everyone should read it. Surely a chapter by Edgar Dewitt Jones, Minister Emeritus of Central Woodward Christian Church, of Detroit, which he calls "Thank God for America" could be read with pleasure and profit by every one of us.

Mr. Speer, the editor, has honored me by opening the book with a chapter by myself, entitled "Youth—It Is Your Day," in which I have tried to refute the idea which some young people have that "life is a racket."

G. Ray Jordan, Professor of Homiletics at Emory University, Georgia, challenges youth not to give way to an outlook of cynicism, but to face up to reality and make life count. He claims that "one may have only a poor hand to play, but the person whose life inspires us is not the one holding all the advantages; it is the one playing a poor hand well."

One of the chapters is an inspiring article by the late greatly beloved Father Flanagan, of Boys' Town. Nebraska. He calls it "Unlocking the Doors of Opportunity," and speaks of the rules to the great game of American Living. He claims that every part of life has its rules and we cannot cheat on a single one of them without losing and being unhappy. He thinks people are pretty well divided into two classes: Those who know the rules and play the game fairly; and those who break the rules and do not play fairly at all. He says that in this country we do not have so many rules that obeying them is difficult: that all the forward steps the world has ever taken have had their beginnings with young men, and they were all boys once. And to the boy who is willing to do his share of the work so he may rightly share in the rewards,

America will always say, "Here lies opportunity; make the most of it." Father Flanagan in this chapter tells of two boys who went to Boys Town and who were living examples of his claim that America is the land of opportunity for every boy who is willing to do his share. One of the boys was Jimmy, "only eleven years of age when he came to me," says Father Flanagan, "back in the early days of the Home. He was an earnest, eager youngster of Italian parentage, and he wanted desperately to do something musical. In the earlier years of Boys Town it was very difficult, and almost impossible, to get the general public interested in my boys. We couldn't get the public to come to Boys Town; so I resolved to take Boys Town, or at least part of it, to the public. Each session a group of our boys would go out on tour, and, by staging an entertainment in each town they visited, they proved to the people that they were not different from their own boys. Jimmy wanted mightily to join one of the troupes. I suggested the violin to him, but he found the shiny brass of the wind instruments much more attractive, and so I got him a saxophone. He practiced practically day and night, and by the time the next unit was ready to leave, he was ready for a place in it. For several seasons he traveled with our little shows, changing to the trombone in the meantime; and when the time came for him to rejoin his mother, he took his trombone with him. From time to time he wrote me letters, and I could note a steady rise for him in the world of music.

"One spring day one of the top-flight bands on the American musical scene played in Omaha, and the head trombonist of the organization was none other than my old friend Jimmy. We had a splendid reunion. He took the whole city of Boys Town out to lunch at his hotel, and the Boys Town choir appeared on the band's coast-to-coast broadcast. The little boy who wanted to play in Father Flanagan's boys' shows back in 1925 is now an important member of one of the leading orchestras in the country."

Father Flanagan tells of another boy who rose in the field of mechanics to be president and general manager of his own burglar-alarm company. "Not all of the successes of Boys Town are quite so spectacular, but all of our boys," he says, "are leading happy, normal, and respectable lives; and that, after all, is the grandest possible success. Sane, normal, level-headed citizens will always be needed in America."

In Chapter 4 of the book, Robert Spencer Linton, Registrar of Michigan State College, East Lansing, Michigan, and a Member of the Vocational Guidance Committee of Michigan, brings suggestions of genuine, practical helpfulness to high-school students.

Among the 18 splendid articles in the book is an inspiring one called "Choices Are Mine," by Edward W. Blakeman, Research Consultant in Religious Education, Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, California. He closes his chapter with these words: "Choose now; select carefully your direction; throw energy into each adventure; contend for each ideal; and the very stars in their courses will argue for you."

"A Source for Our Ideals," is the title of a chapter by Emanuel Gamoran, Educational Director, Commission of Jewish Education, Cincinnati, Ohio. Dr. Gamoran contends that basically, democracy is an ethical way of living, and that being ethical, it is based upon certain great moral principles. Dr. Gamoran discusses these principles and reminds youth that the source for democratic ideals is religion. He says it is no accident "that when our founding fathers sought for an inscription that

would properly symbolize the ideal of freedom to the minds of Americans in centuries to come, they turned to the Bible and found the passage in Leviticus, 'Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.' And they inscribed this significant declaration of the spirit of freedom on the Liberty Bell." There is a beautiful tribute to America by Dr. Edgar Dewitt Jones, Minister Emeritus, of Central Woodward Christian Church, Detroit, Michigan. He presents the A B C's of patriotism—Appreciation, Belief and Consecration.

Chapter 9 is by that fine soul, Daniel A. Poling, Editor of Christian Herald Magazine, New York. It is called "Living by Speedometer or by Compass?" and is a chapter no one should miss, proving that where we are going and the purpose in arriving at the goal is more important than the speed of our going.

Then a beautiful chapter by Roger Hazelton on "Comfort or Adventure." Dr. Hazelton is Professor of Philosophy and Christian Ethics, Andover Newton Theological School, Newton Center, Mass. He urges youth not to be satisfied with comfortable indifference but to choose the "royal road to Adventure," and he gives guideposts along this road. He closes with " 'Dwell deep, my soul; dwell deep.' And all the pressure and drift of comfortable indifference will not halt the deeper adventurings of our human spirits."

"What Makes History Go?" is by Paul Scherer, Brown Professor of Homiletics, Union Theological Seminary, New York, who tells of the possibilities before young people who dedicate themselves to making better tomorrows instead of being concerned primarily with the success motive. Dr. Albert W. Palmer, of Altadena, California talks on "Making a Fine Art of Living," a favorite subject of my own; Joseph Fort Newton of Philadelphia, has something to say on "Just Living;" Dr. Harold Leonard Bowman of First Presbyterian Church of Chicago says "Youth Has More Than It Thinks."

Gordon C. Speer, of Ypsilanti, Michigan, who edited the book under the title "Signposts in Life," discusses where youth is going, and makes the suggestion that life can be a creative and venturesome experience if one plays one's part intelligently, reverently and courageously. "Youth Has Its Chance" says Samuel M. Shoemaker, of the Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church of New York; and then E. Crossley Hunter, of Trinity United Church, of Toronto, Ont., opens his talk with David Grayson's story of his adventure with "The Shabby Man." The adventure consisted in finding out why the man was shabby. He thinks no words of Winston Churchill were more true than "Never have so many owed so much to so few," and that when we forget what we owe, as David Grayson discovered. we grow shabby in body, mind and soul.

Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, of New York, talks on "The Conquest of Chance," and the book closes on a beautiful note, for the last chapter is by Mr. Fred E. Luchs, minister of the Presbyterian Church of Athens, Ohio, and is called "How To Be Contented."

I have written at length about this very small book, because I believe such books as this one, "Talks to Youth," which contain many inspirational chats by people of prominence from the four corners of our country are extremely helpful. Never was there a time when people seemed so ready and willing to accept help, and never was there a time when there were so many helpful books available. Here then, is one: "Talks to Youth," edited by Gordon C. Speer and published by Abingdon-Cokesbury.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

OH, heavenly day! Where could it be more beautiful than here this quiet August day, with a very light breeze playing ever so gently with the birch leaves and humming in the pines; and the water carefully kissing the rocks; the sky, a deep, indescribable blue, with white clouds like tents in an azure field—there's an idea I never had before! Wouldn't it be fun to tent in a cloud and watch the stars light up when evening comes—they look so enormous these nights, with every point defined,—and the moon riding by like a golden-clad knight, shedding light which turns every tree and shore and hill into fairyland and the water to acres of diamonds! Oh, it would be fun to tent in a cloud!

Jim and I ate lunch today beside the garden, on a small round table with a huge colorful umbrella overhead (We love the sunshine, but not on our food!) day lilies on tall stalks blooming proudly, and zinnias and calendulas and other old fashioned annuals, that really make a garden in my opinion. We watched a humming bird hover over the lilies, and big velvety bees investigating the purple bells, and we looked up through the lace of the pine boughs and at the cool shadows in the ravine, and I said to Jim, "I don't see how Heaven could be much more beautiful than this!" He smiled and replied that perhaps I was right—"But," he said, "everyone wouldn't like it, Mom. They'd want something very different." "Of course," I said, "everyone wouldn't appreciate it, and we wouldn't want them, either. Let them have their cut lawns and boxed trees —they needn't wander up our way! Of course I'd like more flowers—and —and no bugs!"

Jimmie laughed and poured me some more tea, saying, "Why, Mom, are you complaining about your heaven?" "Oh, my, no," I answered, "anyway, this is only a suburb, you know—it isn't the real place, or I don't believe there would be bugs that eat the leaves or do other damage. I believe up there bugs would be eliminated!" So, having decided *that,* we went on talking over our plans for Doctor's return home to our little Island. As the time draws nearer, we are filled more and more with excited anticipation!

What wonderfully interesting things he will have to tell all of us this winter! No one will want to miss any of his talks, I am sure. How grateful we are that he could take this trip and bring back to us his impressions and interesting experiences which undoubtedly will crop out and influence and punctuate his sermons and broadcasts for some time to come.

So many of you wrote before Doctor left, wishing him a fine trip and saying you would pray daily for his safe return. We appreciated that very much (I, as well as he. You may be sure my own heart breathed a prayer constantly for his safety and well-being.) Thank you all!

Now we will see what there is in the Mail Bag.

* * *

The following very nice letter and poem from a poet and his sister we very much appreciated, even though it has lingered in the Mail Bag. This poem fits in with my foregoing summer day! And it carries a real message I think.

"My dear Dr. Bradley:—As I listened to your broadcast this evening (I rarely miss one) I became extremely interested. Your experience with your boat at the lake in the north, the water lilies, and the star, reminded me of a similar experience my brother, aged 53, had this past summer in the great northwest. He, too, loves the beauty of the out-of-doors, and though his fishing was somewhat of a disappointment, his appreciation of the beauty of nature was ever thrilling.

"Near a quiet lake not far from Seattle, on a mountainside, he saw in a small niche a patch of water lilies. Their peaceful, white beauty and splendor impressed him deeply. Later, as he rode along on the City of San Francisco and neared the Mississippi River, his attention was again taken by a patch of the most beautiful water lilies he had ever seen, growing in slime and filth of the backwaters of the river. He took an old envelope from his coat and penned the following lines of poetry.

"As I listened to you relate your story of 'the lilies and a star' I wanted to share with you this lovely bit of poetry my brother has penned.

I suggested to my brother that he have the poem printed so others may enjoy the beautiful thought behind it, but he passed it off by saying, "Oh, I don't believe the critics would call that 'good poetry', Sis." Nevertheless, I feel you would enjoy it, so I am enclosing it. You may remember, I am the wife of the Vocational Agriculture Teacher who used to bring his "Future Farmer Boys" to hear your Sunday Service, formerly from Roseville, Illinois.

"I saw a lily the other day, growing
along the right of way,
Its petals so tender, beautiful and soft,
Smiled at by God, who dwells aloft.
It stood there so resolute, determined,
yet shy—
I knew it had a mission, sent down
from the sky.
Consider that lily, and from whence it
came!
What is its mission? What is its aim?
Its birthplace, the river, all covered
with slime,
Whose banks are a shamble of rubble
and slime.
Its neighbors were dirty old moss-
covered logs,
Harboring turtles, snakes, beetles and
frogs,
Yet it held up its head so determined
and bold
For all who passed by to stop and
behold,
That down through that slimy black
water and silt,
It had a firm foothold on the earth
that God built;
And that out of that earth it was taking
a wealth
Of the food that builds stamina, beauty
and health.
Let others draw poison which brings
naught but shame—
That lily stood there, living up to its
name:
'Pure as a lily,' beautiful and white—
Glorifying God with all its might!"

(by Wendell Pease)

* * *

The next letter I pick out of the bag is from the well-known poet whom you so often hear Dr. Bradley quote—Thomas Curtis Clark, and his wife.

They wrote to extend their friendly wishes, upon Doctor's leaving for Europe. I quote from Mrs. Clark's letter:

"The poet and I wish for you a very happy and fruitful summer, and when September eighteenth rolls around, we shall be very glad to hear your voice again! So in closing I will say, as you sang this morning in your church, the fine old hymn—'God be with you till we meet again.' Love and every good wish for you and Mrs. Bradley. Mrs. Thos. C. Clark."

Mr. Clark writes: "Mrs. C. has just about said it all, but I feel that I must add a word with my own hand. As you travel through Europe I wish your brave voice could get through to the so-called 'statesmen' through a thousand loudspeakers. If you could but tell them what I know are your deep convictions!

"I'm helping at office in an emergency, but am writing much and working on three new books!

"I'm wishing chance may bring you and our son Bob together. He's in 'Intelligence' at Oderursel near Frankfurt. Love and very best wishes, T. C. C."

* * *

I shall close the Mail Bag with this little note from Jessie Mead Rose, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, which like the first letter I have used was inspired by the broadcast Dr. Bradley gave in which he spoke of the star reflected in the murky waters:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—A few nights ago you spoke so beautifully of a star reflected in the muddy water somewhere near your summer home that I was inspired to write a little poem. Here it is:

Star in the murky water
Reflected from star up high,
Shining amidst the darkness
Like a whisper of love from the sky.
So God in His infinite glory
Reflects in each heart His Light.
And though travail and storm may surround us,
We are never lost from His sight.

Sincerely yours,
Jessie Mead Rose."

I think this is about all we have space for. Be sure to be with us at the opening service September 18th. Please don't forget to write, and—

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

PSALM 46—THE BIBLE

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

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